

HELD COURT UNDER A TREE.

A Primitive Method of Administering Justice in Rural Missouri.

For its unique features and original legal methods, George Miller's trial is probably without an equal in the court history of Missouri. It is a story of a young man of good character, who had been employed in a main street restaurant until illness compelled him to abandon his position, though he was almost penniless. In his dilemma he found a friend in the person of Edward J. Froese, who offered to support him until his recovery if he would take care of Froese's little farm, on the south side of the Blue river, near Troost avenue.

This proposition Miller gratefully accepted and the next day was installed in the Froese household, where also lived Froese's aged mother.

All went well with Miller until one Saturday morning, when, as he stepped from the back door, he observed an individual, unknown to him, just leaving the house with a fat piglet under each arm. He had been particularly cautioned by Mr. Froese to keep a lookout for chicken thieves, and he thought that the opportunity to display his valor and earn his patron's everlasting gratitude.

"Hold on, there, young fellow!" he shouted. "Where you going with them chickens?" The stranger looked tough, as he replied, "Say, is dat any of your business?"

"If you don't drop them chickens, I'll blow the roof of your head off!" yelled Miller, making a dash for the kitchen, where a loaded revolver was lying.

But when he reappeared the stranger was making rapid tracks for the gate, and he did not find him. Half an hour later he was considerably astonished when a constable hove in sight and arrested him on a charge of assault with intent to kill. Having no choice in the matter, he went with the constable.

Now the thing settled and purely agricultural region lying south of the Blue boasts the presence of a duly elected justice of the peace, a well-to-do farmer, by name D. P. Antony, and as legal proceedings in "Judge" Antony's court are by no means as plentiful as the buffaloes in his meadow that official prepared to make the most of the case.

He had no courtroom handy, but the spreading branches of a giant apple tree in the orchard near by served the purpose admirably, and here the court was established, with the soft side of a log for a bench and seats enough on the grass for the constable and spectators who might or might not choose to attend.

"Bring in the prisoner!" thundered the judge. And straightway the constable appeared, dragging his victim unwillingly to a seat at the other end of the log. The complaint was read in the constable's most doleful tone, and the judge stroked his whiskers and meditated. "Alas!" quoth he, "this, I see, is a serious case. We must have a jury." It was the prisoner's prerogative to ask for a jury if he wanted it, but that made no difference. The constable sallied forth and speedily returned with "six good men and true"—five farmers and a workhouse guard, recruited from a road near by, where a gang of county prisoners were at work. The six solemnly ranged themselves in a semicircle on the grass before the judge, and the trial began.

Miller briefly told his story, and then the stranger, whom he believed guilty of stealing Froese's chickens, appeared on the scene and told his story. He claimed that he owned the chickens, they having wandered into Froese's yard, and he was simply recovering his property. That ended the trial, and the jury thereupon filed into the jury room—the cleared space beneath an adjoining apple tree—where they were speedily joined by the judge and constable, and together they deliberated the verdict.

When they returned to the courtroom, Miller was informed that he had been convicted of "threatening to kill" and that he had been fined \$25 and costs, amounting in all to \$35.40. He could not pay, and so Judge Antony tore a leaf out of a notebook bound him by one of the jurors and made out his commitment, ordering Marshal Stewart to confine Miller in the county jail until the fine and costs were paid.

And then court was adjourned, the farmers returning to their wheatfields, the guard to his prisoners, and Miller was taken away by the constable, and within an hour the doors of the county jail opened to receive him.—Kansas City Journal.

Asking For Information.



Willie Keep—I was once very strongly tempted to blow up my business.

Ethel Knox—Did you do it?—Brooklyn Life.

That Old Friend.

A certain New York millionaire clubman, famous for his dinners and sayings, is just now relating a good story against himself. He has recently returned from a year's absence abroad and has naturally forgotten a few names, placing those he remembers, as a rule, on the wrong person, so that his attempts at hearty recognition have been somewhat dangerous, yet amusing.

He was going down Fifth avenue the other day when he caught sight of a figure which in the distance he seemed to recall. Increasing his somewhat measured walk, he presently passed the man and then he retraced his steps.

A glance at his face was sufficient. He knew him and recollected as he advanced toward him a cozy little dinner by the window in the club dining room, where he had listened so attentively to the stories with which the man now before him had deluged the conversation.

The stranger looked up as, "Why, my dear fellow, I'm very glad to see you," fell upon his ears.

A look of keen humor lighted up his eyes as he clasped, apparently reluctantly, the speaker's extended hand.

"You are very kind," he murmured, "very kind, sir."

"Why, what nonsense! Here, I'm just going to lunch at Delmonico's. You must come with me and tell me some more of your French stories."

"Stories! What stories?" gasped his old friend.

"Don't you remember that dinner on the night before my departure? Why, you simply reeled them off."

"Oh, yes! I served that well, eh?" he replied, with a slowness that portended a double entendre.

At that moment the porch of Delmonico's was reached, and in they turned.

An hour was passed over a delightful lunch whereat the multimillionaire related anecdotes of his year's travel.

The bill had just been presented and accepted as he said:

"I'm devilish sorry, you know, but I'm awfully bad at names. I've quite forgotten yours. I am Jack — of C. — club."

"And I," responded his guest. "I'm Jennings, the C. — club's steward."—New York Herald.

THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

Home of the Cannibals and Head Hunters.

The Solomon group of islands, recently annexed by England, is the largest and as yet least known of any in the Pacific ocean, though among the very first to be discovered. There are seven or eight large, mountainous islands varying in length from 30 to 100 miles, and a great number of smaller islands, ranging from 15 to 30 miles in length, down to the tiny coral islets one-half a mile across.

The Solomon Islanders are of a mixed race, varying between an almost pure Malay type and the darker skinned Polynesian. Though they are almost universally cannibals, they stand in other respects by no means low in the scale of savages. The men are as a rule tall and well formed, and the women, in their youth, are handsome and attractive, though the drudgery which falls to their lot soon ages and hardens their looks. Indeed, the condition of women among them, as in most savage races, is one of absolute subjection. The wife is the absolute slave. She is completely in the power of her husband for life or death. If goods be stolen from the house, she is responsible to her lord in the first case, not the thief. Wives are bought and sold just like other commodities.

It was on one of these islands that Mr. Bates, an English yachtsman, landed from his vessel and started into the woods. He never came back. A small party vainly searched for him, and for years trade goods landed on the island were done up in wrappers on which were printed the words, "Bates, we are looking for you." It was also on one of the Solomon group that an unfortunate Italian was kept as a slave for a number of years, until he finally got a chance to escape to New Britain, where at last accounts he was living among the natives, his mind almost wholly destroyed by his sufferings of earlier years.

Head hunting is still carried on to some extent in connection with cannibalism, but much more from the simple desire of the chiefs to accumulate skulls as a token of power or prowess. It has also a sacrificial aspect. In case of the death of a chief a head must be provided, and the launching of a new war canoe or the completion of a bamboo house must be signaled in the same way. Within the radius of the head hunting forays no native can be said to enjoy security of life for a single day. The custom is now carried on less openly than of old.

Every chief has his butcher, who is an important member of his court. When a captive is taken in war, he is handed over to this official and promptly dispatched. The body is then cut up, and the joints are hung upon a tree reserved for that purpose in the village, and the people are invited to come and buy.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Not Willing to Fight.

At the time the anti-American fever in Chili was at its height a large dinner party was given, exclusively attended by gentlemen. There was present a jovial Californian who was in the country distinctly to make money and avoid trouble. He had a fund of comic yarns and spun them incessantly, his evident purpose being to allay as much as possible the local ill feeling toward the Yankees and their flag. A young Chilean captain who sat facing the Californian at last fired in a bitter remark against Americans for their alleged interference in the late civil war. The Californian good humoredly protested, his remarks being a general denial of the charge. "You are a liar!" suddenly said the Chilean, looking calmly and determinedly into the face of his vis-a-vis. There was instant consternation throughout the table.

The Californian wiped his lips, threw down his napkin and slowly rising quivered a moment and hissed, "Do you mean that, sir?" The Chilean arose also, folding his arms, while his face showed ugly satisfaction at having secured a long sought fight. "I do," he replied defiantly. "Then, by heaven, sir, you are saved!" shouted the Californian, "for I will not be trifled with."

Amid the universal laughter the young captain was pulled into his seat, all hands being satisfied that it was impossible to get a senseless fight out of the commercial spirit of an American.—Fred May in New York Press.

Good Words For the Donkey.

Of all horseflesh, so to speak, the patient, little, commonplace, every day ass takes the lead. There is no denying him the palm. Were he a Homer, or a Dante, or even a Holmes, I would indite an epic, or at least a rhyme, to the character, strength and courage of this noblest of the race. In every country where severe economies are thrust upon the people, the donkey comes to the rescue and does the work which no other creature alive can do. He lives on nothing. He is rarely fed—in times of drought or severe work some barley—but is turned loose to find what he may. He is never vicious or obstinate, but works faithfully till his poor old ears flop downward from age, and he literally falls under his load and dies in his tracks, after serving his often cruel master some score or more of years. When he is put to work as a yearling, he does not last so long. I have ridden one at 18 months which had been trained but two weeks, and yet was gentle, bridwile and well gaited. Where is there such a horse?—Colonel T. A. Dodge in Harper's.

The Advertising That Is Effective.

It is constant advertising that produces an effect, although the spasmodic announcement may have a force peculiar to itself. A boy sees his father every day and is naturally influenced by the example which is perpetually before him. He goes to the theater but occasionally. The effect of the latter, being more striking, may be proportionately more effective. Many people protest that it is unnecessary to continue the advertising of well known articles. They cannot understand why it is continued. They declare it does not influence them, but the manufacturers know better. The man who declares that he is influenced by advertising constantly before him deceives himself, and his very protest is proof of it.—Hardware.

Cause With Lamps.

A German inventor has produced an electric cane lamp. The handle of the cane contains an incandescent lamp, the two poles of which are connected with the plates of a battery. Below this is a small chamber of water, the battery fluid. When it is desired to use the lamp, the cap is taken off and the cane inclined so that the liquid it contains comes in contact with the electrodes. A current is thus produced that will, it is asserted, keep the light going for an hour.—New York Telegram.

Terrible Action of Remorse.

A sportsman who had a £5 note stolen from him a few months ago received the following letter the other day:

Dear Sir—I stole your money. Remorse naves my conscience, and I send you a sovereign. When remorse naves again, I will send you some more.

—London Tit-Bits.

Sensible.

Visitor—So you have discharged your girl, Mrs. Lovepeace?

Mrs. L.—Yes, I could not stand her any longer.

Visitor—When are you going to get another?

Mrs. L.—Oh, I shall take a few weeks' rest first.—Detroit Free Press.

Out of Sight.

"Is this the bureau of information?" said Mr. Meddergrass to the clerk at the World's fair grounds.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then I wish you'd tell me where Silas is. I told that old man of mine he'd get lost, and now he's gone and done it."—Harper's Bazar.

ODDS AND ENDS.

All the Greek philosophers, sages and seers ate no flesh.

The first Latin Bible with a date was finished at Menby by Faust in 1402.

The state of North Carolina has mined nearly \$10,000,000 worth of gold since 1874. Boston has a Portuguese colony numbering about 3,000. They are for the most part sailors.

Venice is built on 80 small islands, has nearly 400 bridges and is 30 miles in circumference. Canals serve as streets and gondolas as carriages.

By the tenth census 23,010,000 inhabitants of the United States were supported by agriculture, 11,320,000 by manufactures and 15,020,000 by commerce.

Harrington Jennings, in his work, "The Rottenness of the World," tells of a lump that was found in a tomb in the year 1491 that had burned constantly for nearly 1,200 years.

It is estimated that of the 5,000,000 inhabitants in London over 1,000,000 are poor—living on less than 41 a week for each family—while over 300,000 are in chronic poverty.

The blood in its natural state contains an amount of pure water that is really astonishing to one who has not given the subject attention—nearly seven-eighths of its entire bulk.

There is an extensive alligator industry at Jacksonville, Fla., and it may be inferred from the fact that in 1890 5,400 alligators were sold there to tourists as relics of Florida life.

The Shah of Persia does not possess a railway train of any kind. He goes about Persia in carriages or on horseback, and although 64 years old is still one of the best horsemen in the country.

The elephant is given the credit of being the most long lived as well as the most intelligent of all animals. Cuvier says that there are instances of its having lived to beyond the age of 300 years.

The barber derives his class title from the Latin word barba, a beard. Beards, uncut, were originally called "barbarians" solely on account of the unkempt appearance of their beard and hair.

The "angry tree," a woody plant found in eastern California and western Arizona, cannot be touched without it exhibits signs of vexation by curling its leaves and giving forth an unpleasant, sickening odor.

Not only do the children enjoy the games as games, but they find added pleasure in the evident appreciation of their elders who happen to be looking on. "We always play better when people are looking," said a little maiden.

The explanation of the zigzag course pursued by a flash of lightning is as follows: As the lightning condenses the air in the immediate advance of its path, it flies from side to side in order to pass where there is the least resistance to progress.

Wanted to Change One Word.

Private John Allen of Mississippi had a case in the supreme court the other day. It had been dragging along for a good while in the lower tribunals, and when it reached in the higher body the opposing counsel presented a brief history of the case so far as it had gone. The justices had listened attentively to the lawyer, and when he finished Mr. Allen was asked if the opposing counsel had stated what was strictly true.

"If your honors please," said the astute Mississippi, "I can best answer the question with a little story. Some time ago a sheriff in one of the counties in my state died. There was another gentleman residing in the county who thought he could fill the official shoes to a nicety, so he proceeded to draw up a recommendation in his own behalf for appointment to the vacancy and then secured the necessary signatures to it. He rectified in the document his numerous qualifications for the position and stated, among other things, that 'Mr. Jones was strictly honest.' He carried the paper to the judge Smith and asked him to sign it."

"The judge put on his spectacles and carefully read the paper over. Then he coughed and said:

"Jones, I'll sign this recommendation if you'll let me change one word in it."

"Jones gazed with satisfaction, for the judge's signature was a power in the premises. "Cert'n'y, judge, cert'n'y," he cordially remarked. "One word can't hurt the matter. Now what word would you like to change, sir?"

"Well," replied the judge, "I just want to scratch out the word 'strictly' where it precedes 'honest' and insert the word 'tolerably.'"

"The grave justices laughed, and the case went on."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

To Abolish Umbrellas.

There is a project now on foot having all that we wear waterproof. Some years ago there was an effort to do this in this country by a company of which ex-Secretary McCulloch was president. In a room ago on Fourteenth street an interesting exhibition was given of a colorless fine cloth, if memory is correct, neptunite. On a rack standing in a zinc tank long feminine gear and stuffs of all sorts. The performances used to consist of deluging these with water from a convenient hose, which ran off them like water from a duck's back. On a blue silk bonnet trimmed with pink roses the drops of water chased one another like globules of quicksilver.

A stream of water was sent onto a piece of Brussels net, and even the holes sprang it. Velvet ribbons and kid gloves alike repelled water. On ostrich feathers drops of water rested like dew which would not dissolve. Ink was thrown on silk, and a spray of water drove it off, leaving the material unharmed. A show left standing was filled with water, when emptied was dry. It was like a page out of the Arabian Nights, in which the elements are conquered by unseen powers. The secret lay in the manufacture of the goods, each having previously been dipped in a liquid which was water repellent. One test is remembered—an army coat held a pint of water 24 hours, which had run through a piece of untreated cloth in three minutes. Nothing, it appears, ever came of the project.—New York Sun.

A Sick Young Fellow In London.

Half a century ago, when "subjects" were bought by the surgeons, a poor man fell dead in Fleet street. Without a moment's hesitation, a young fellow who was passing threw himself on his knees beside the corpse, exclaiming, "My father, my dog, father!" A crowd gathered round. Their sympathy was excited, and money was subscribed to enable the pious youth to take away his father's body in a hackney coach. He did so and took it to a surgeon, who gave him \$100 for it.—James Payn.

It Didn't Work.

"What can I do for you?" he asked of the caller.

"I came to collect for the ventilating fan we put in for you."

"Oh—er—I see. I'm sorry, but we aren't cashing any drafts at present."—Washington Star.

Old Heads.

Visitor—How old are you, Molly?

Molly—I am going on 10 years.

"Is that so? I thought you were younger than that."

"Come, now, you are trying to flatter me for some purpose or other."—Texas Sittings.

Thought Well of Them.

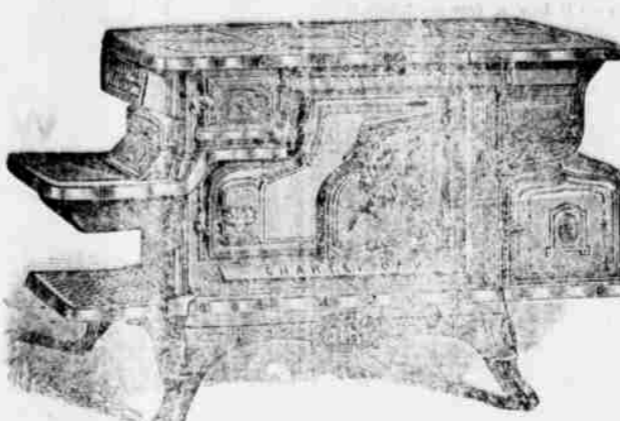
"Now, Mrs. Bronson," said the broker, how shall we invest this money for you?"

"I don't know," said the lady. "What do you think of those fluctuating stocks?"

"I understand a great deal of money is made in them."—Harper's Bazar.

General Advertisements.

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EGAN & GUNN. Will Begin October 4th, 1893.

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This means the Greatest Bargains in Dry Goods, Gent's Furnishings, Etc., ever Offered in Honolulu.

On many articles, it means less than cost, but our stock must be reduced, and we are willing to give our time to the public for the next thirty days, regardless of profit to ourselves; not regard this as an ordinary advertisement, as our former sales are evidences that we do just as we agree. It is not necessary to tell you that our stock of Dry Goods, Millinery and Furnishing Goods is large and well assorted, which means to our patrons good Fresh Goods. Nothing will be held back in this sale. Everything will be offered at the large discount of one-fourth off. P. S.—Terms Strictly Cash.

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